

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage stamps to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Each Subscriber is entitled to an Admission to an Annual Concert, and a Piece of Music, (regular Music size) Monthly.

No. 11.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
{ STAMPED, FOURPENCE

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE zealous and enthusiastic lover of music, who originated this admirable society, is no more, but the example he set we trust has not been lost on his survivors. If ever an amateur deserved the title of the Mécenas of music, it was the late Mr. Alsager. Not content, as many are, to make it an egotistical source of mere private amusement, his object was to spread taste for its more recondite and elaborate beauties far and wide, to popularize its philosophy among amateurs, and by their medium to refine the general feeling of the public. Music was his sole relaxation, his chief social delight; and as his heart was open to all the eloquence of its appeal, so were the portals of his princely hospitality thrown wide apart to welcome its professors, who, as hearers or as players, found an equally warm and generous reception. The good he thus gradually, but surely effected, was incalculable. The more profound and poetical works of the great triad of instrumental composers, which for so long had remained a sealed book to the multitude of amateurs, aye, and of musicians too, were, through his exertions, made familiar as household-gods. But it is the lover of Beethoven who should most fondly cherish the memory of Mr. Alsager. Perhaps never was there an instance of such unbounded enthusiasm for the works of a great man, as in that lamented gentleman's reverence and adoration for the chamber-compositions of Beethoven. He knew them all by heart; every one of their melodies was to him as a dear friend; he doted on them. And as the mother's fondness for her offspring is so frequently exemplified in a preference for the least generally admired:—

"The feeblest and yet the favorite;"

so was his devotion to the quartets of Beethoven. In proportion to their being unknown and more neglected was the measure of his love for them administered. He loved the first six dearly, (as who would not?) but much more dearly the three that follow. The tenth and eleventh he venerated—and the last six, "the Posthumous," he idolized; for they were the coyest to disclose the treasures of their beauty—wrapped and folded in an atmosphere of golden mist, which only the eye and the heart of enthusiasts could penetrate. So these were less courted; nay, for a time almost abandoned; and for this Mr. Alsager loved them more; felt for them more; devoted himself to their interest; and preached a crusade in their behalf, which ended in the conversion of sceptics, and the establishment of the truth, which was hidden until he unfolded it to the world. This was the noble use to which he gave up the whole of the leisure he enjoyed from those worldly occupations in the conduct of which he had earned such high distinction. In recording the opening of the third season of the Beethoven Quartet Society, it would

have been but false delicacy in us to refrain from alluding, in a manner suitable to the occasion, to him who was its originator, to him who not only laid the seeds but fostered the growth, as it gradually reared its head above the ground, and who has now bequeathed it to his friend and associate in the good work. Scipion Rousselot, a musician and an enthusiast, and a fit holder of such a legacy. The day is indeed far distant when amateurs and professors of that art which he loved so well shall have ceased to mourn the loss of Mr. Alsager; a loss as unexpected as it was cruel; and it would be an unworthy affectation in us to shrink from avowing the deep sympathy we entertain for the general feeling of regret. He was an intellectual and a good man—may we never forget to cherish and revere his memory.

The first meeting for the season 1847 (the third), took place on Monday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, which, in their new garb of white-wash, wore an appearance of desolation easily accountable to those who, like ourselves, had not entered them since last summer. However, there were so many familiar faces, that as the performances went on things began to look more cheerful, and faith and hope assumed their comfortable sway. The programme of the evening, according to the plan already adopted, comprised three quartets selected from the three different epochs of the master's career. The first was the quartet in F major, belonging to the Op. 18, which Beethoven composed in 1791, and dedicated to his illustrious patron and kind friend, the Prince Liehnowsky. In this quartet will be remarked the characteristics of Beethoven's early style, exemplified in great perfection. It is one of the most admirable of all his works, and was written just as his manner was threatening to assume its second form. Nevertheless, we have the clear design, the short and simple subjects, the independent use of the full cadence, the free control of counterpoint (some fine examples of which occur in the final movement), the natural and unaffected harmonies, and the employment of lengthened phraseology only for the effects of climax, which are the elements of Mozart's and Haydn's styles, with perhaps a greater leaning to the tender pathos of the former, than to the robust vivacity of the latter. The first movement (in F major), *Allegro con Brio*, has a bold subject, easily retained by the ear, and worked throughout with great fluency of counterpoint. It is highly energetic and commanding. The *Adagio affettuoso ed appassionato* (in D minor), would leave nothing to be desired if Beethoven had made no progress in his art beyond what it develops. It is exquisitely pathetic, and many of its bursts of anguish would draw tears from the most callous—

"And make men tremble who never weep."

The *scherso* is playful and most ingeniously written; a fine contrast being produced by the very opposite character of the

trio. The final *Allegro* (in F major), is formed on a theme which captivates by its exuberant vivacity, while the treatment is masterly in its development and interesting in its variety. The introduction of the second theme is novel and beautiful, and its employment throughout the movement is marked by the most exquisite fancy. The fine effect produced by the occasional appearance of the first subject in the fugued style is also worthy the attention of those who would study Beethoven's scores with profit. There is no dryness or pedantry in it, but it appears in all the freshness of a new and beautiful thought. It may seem a bold assertion, but we cannot help stating our conviction that this quartet, which stands No. 1 on the list (although we believe it was really the third in the order of production) is equal to any of the seventeen, since from the first bar to the last it is a manifestation of genius and power of the highest order. It is also strikingly original, while it adheres in a great measure to the plan of these models which are left us in the imperishable works of Mozart and Haydn.

Before stating our impressions of the manner in which this quartet was executed, it may be as well to say a word or two about M. Rousselot's position with respect to the engagements for the season, resulting from circumstances over which he could have no control. The loss of Camillo Sivori, who is absent in America, cannot be sufficiently lamented. The idea of supplying his place by any other than Ernst or Joachim would be preposterous. But M. Rousselot did his best under the circumstances, by engaging Herr David, the celebrated violinist from Leipsic. Here he was disappointed, however—illness or some other cause rendering Herr David's advent this season impossible. At his wit's end for a substitute, the arrival of M. Steveniers from Brussels offered a means of extricating himself from difficulty, which M. Rousselot would have been unwise to overlook. Steveniers was accordingly engaged to lead the quartets in alternation with M. Sainton, until the arrival of Vieuxtemps, who is expected later in the season. This gentleman is violinist to the king of the Belgians, and enjoys a very high reputation on the continent. The F major quartet of Beethoven gave us an excellent opportunity to form a judgment of his capabilities. His execution is bold and energetic perhaps occasionally wanting in finish, but for the most part effective. His intonation is rarely at fault, and his tone though thin, is agreeable and stands out in good relief. His style is chaste, polished, and wholly devoid of exaggeration. He takes no liberties with the text of his author, moreover—which is a great point of recommendation. On the whole, though M. Steveniers is not a Sivori, he is a very excellent artist, and few will be dissatisfied with him in his post among the Beethoven quartettists. The quartet was generally well executed. The *adagio* gave M. Steveniers occasion to show that he is quite at home in the pathetic and expressive style, and many of his readings were highly poetical. In the finale too, his execution was often so neat, brilliant, and effective, as to elicit marks of special approval from the audience. In the other parts, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot were all that could be desired, and the *ensemble* was generally most satisfactory. Some exquisite effects were produced in *pianissimo* passages, which did not pass unnoticed.

The next quartet performed was one which Beethoven wrote in 1808, seventeen years later in life—the C major, from the set dedicated to Prince Rasumowsky, op. 59. This contains the plaintive and mysterious movement in 6-8 measure, *Andante con moto quasi allegretto*, in A minor, and the magnificent fugued *Finale*, which rank among the most astonishing

inspirations of the great musician. We have so often commented upon the beauties of this quartet,* that it is unnecessary here to dwell upon them. Suffice it that it was composed when Beethoven's second style had attained its meridian, when he had entirely forgotten Mozart and Haydn, retaining only their peculiarities of form which he had developed to gigantic proportions. It is remarkable throughout for savage independence of rhythm and harmony, for phrases long-drawn out and protracted *ad infinitum*, for unexpected cadences and bold progressions, for pretty melodies cut short as they are born or twisted into singular proportions by the wayward and petulant fancy of the creator, for endless successions and repetitions of climaxes, and in short for all those peculiarities which in the Posthumous Quartets are carried to the very utmost verge of musical propriety, and sometimes (must it be said?) tumble into the chasm beyond. Nevertheless it is a magnificent work, the genius of Beethoven having been in its veriest prime at the epoch of its production. There are effects in it that of themselves are worth a whole quartet; the most wonderful example we can adduce being the startling interruption of the climax in the *coda* of the last movement, by a single note (A flat, if we recollect) played by the four instruments in unison, and the unexpected increase of power and fullness of effect almost orchestral that distinguishes the resumption of the *coda*, and continues augmenting and augmenting till the very last notes have been struck. The frenzy of genius is here exerted with a grandeur that almost terrifies.

We were much pleased with the execution of this wonderful quartet. No one plays the "Rasumowsky Quartets" with more fire and abandon than M. Sainton; and the C major suits the breadth and energy of his style better than any of them. He played very finely on Monday, execution and style walking hand in hand up as far towards the walls that human fallibility is destined always to meet in its march to perfection as it was well possible for human fallibility to accomplish. The value of M. Steveniers was doubly felt in this quartet. The manner in which he made every point of the second violin tell, without improper obtrusiveness on the unity of the whole effect, proved him an excellent musician as well as an excellent violinist. Mr. Hill, on the tenor, always invaluable, in the C major quartet comes out with giant force. Mark him in the florid passage of the trio, in the sentimental bits of the *Andante*, and in the numberless *traits de bravoure* of the *finale*; in each and all he is excellent—quick, steady, energetic, and effective. Rousselot has made these quartets an especial and laborious study. It is not then to be wondered at that he is acquainted with every bit of light and shade that is necessary for their appropriate interpretation, and that his pure and classical style is never so well employed as when in the act of giving them utterance.

The third and last performance of the evening was the E flat, No. 15, op. 127, the first of the quartets styled "Posthumous," composed in 1824 (sixteen years after the second, and thirty-three years after the first of those included in the programme), and dedicated by Beethoven to the Russian prince, Galitzin, who, though a zealous amateur, turned out after all but a scurvy patron. No music grows more upon you than these Posthumous Quartets. At first they seem wild, vague, rambling, and incoherent; then gleams of light appear to burst out here and there, giving us, as it were, glimpses of a paradise concealed; then full floods of glory, in the form of stately and transparent melodies, sinuous and long-drawn-out, eloquent and persuasive, winning by repeated appeals to the

* Performed at the Musical World Concert, July 8, 1846, by Sainton, Sivori, Hill, and Rousselot, of the Beethoven Quartet Society.

seat of passion in the heart; then harmonies that sparkle and shine, as rubies under the influence of the sun; then effects of gigantic contrast, like mighty mountains isolated on a limitless plain; then rushings of irresistible sound, like the roar of the mighty ocean, beating and bellowing with eternal excitement, or like the torrents of some huge and ever-tumbling cataract. These at first come out in fragments, seemingly unconnected; but gradually they appear to melt into one particular hue; a tone sleeps upon the whole, as the sun's light, more or less bright according to the period of the day, upon the bosom of the earth; the thought of the composer, the sentiment of his work, breaks out by degrees, like the first peepings of the morning, and finally the whole meaning flashes upon the brain, as the noon-day sun suddenly emerging from behind a cloud, or some tremendous truth but just discovered, which has been a truth from eternity, albeit humanity's imperfection has been blind to its manifestation. We have had our doubts and qualms about these quartets. We would fain have thought them perfect, because they were Beethoven's; but for many a long day our hearts were as stone to their impression. They melted not, nor touched us. Strong in our faith, however—our faith in Beethoven—we have undergone the ordeal of influences and impressions which we have faintly striven to explain, and day after day new lights break in upon us, and carry us further and further towards conviction.

The E flat quartet, performed on Monday night, is one of those most likely to make themselves ultimately understood. We never enjoyed a hearing of one of the "Posthumous" more. There is so much of dim grandeur in the *Maestoso*; of passion, broken on the wheel, in the *Allegro teneramente*; of tenderness and loving pathos in the *Adagio*; of capricious playfulness in its twin-sister that mixes with its being, the *Andante con moto*; of wild mystery in the *Scherzo*, and such a mingling of the whole of them in the *Finale*, that it is impossible to grapple with the varied intensity of our sensations in listening to it. It is a vagary—but the vagary of the poet, magnificently various, as the many-hued clouds that wait upon the sunset. The executive triumph of the evening was decidedly this quartet, to which each of the four players brought their whole amount of enthusiasm. It was indeed a fine performance. Though Sainton held the first violin, he was not first violin, for Steveniers played up to him so admirably that the effect was as of one first violin playing a double part. In such a performance station could not be taken into account; violins, tenor, violoncello were united into one loud instrument which gave utterance to the eloquent thoughts of the mighty dead—the poet who sleeps in the tomb, while his melodies, winged cherubs, fly over the face of the earth, and delight mankind with their beauty. The audience were enchanted, and rewarded the four executants with repeated bursts of applause and an enthusiastic greeting at the conclusion. M. Rousselot has thus begun the season of 1847, in spite of sinister events, most propitiously.

Among the company we observed Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Horsley, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Kate Loder, Miss Judine, (the charming young pianist and pupil of Moscheles, who delights in giving concerts of classical music, and in playing Beethoven's concertos with full orchestra,) Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, Mr. Hogarth, Signor Piatti, M. Lavigne, Mr. Robert Barnett, M. Bouché (the once celebrated violinist), M. Barret, Mr. Ella, M. Eugene Coulon, M. Jules de Glimes, and many other distinguished artists and amateurs. The second meeting is fixed for Monday, the 22nd inst. We shall attend, and strongly recommend our readers

to follow our example. At all events no musician should absent himself from any of the meetings.

LOLA MONTEZ.

This celebrated *danseuse* has been lately cutting capers after her own peculiar fashion, in Munich. It appears that she is generally accompanied in her perambulations by a novel life-guardsmen, in the person of an outrageous semi-bull-dog, who does not always confine himself to acting on the defensive, but sometimes indulges in a small morceau of spontaneous warfare, purely, it might be supposed, to keep his tusks in practice. On one occasion the fair denizen of Terpsichore (as the *Morning Post* would say) was taking a forenoon promenade in Louis Street, attended by her strong-sided champion, and in passing close to a grape waggon,

"In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray," it seems that one of the horses stared somewhat impudently at the fair lady, at which Cerberus took umbrage, and without more ado flew at him, and fastened his teeth in his throat. The waggoner, indignant, rushed upon the dog, and struck him with his whip—which observing, with the speed of lightning, the irritated Lola rushed up on the waggoner, and fractured his proboscis with a blow of her *parapluie*. The cartman threw up his hands to feel his nose, and finding the damage greater than the pain, gave vent to volleys of imprecations through his fingers, and calling the citizens round him, denounced the damsel with the fatal bull-dog, and still more fatal umbrella. Lola endeavoured to make her escape, but for some time was hedged in by the crowd that had gathered at the call of the damaged waggoner, all of whom visited her with threats and oaths. Bethinking herself of her umbrella, and calling on Cerberus to lend a tooth, she made for that point where the surrounding enemy was weakest, and striking two lookers on in quick succession, she pushed her way through the affrighted remainder, and bolted into a druggist's shop, closing the door after her with so much violence that every pane was broken, and thus shut herself in from the vengeance of her pursuers. The druggist, though a staid man, was inclined to ladies and bull-dogs, so he vowed to protect Cerberus and Lola from the rage of the populace. By this time a crowd had gathered round the door, led on by the waggoner, protecting his ruptured frontispiece with the aid of a red cotton pocket-handkerchief; nor did they depart before they had demolished every pane of glass in the druggist's house, and swore to return and wreak their wrath after they had dined. Lola escaped through a back door, and arrived with Cerberus at her hotel, but the people found her out, and besieged her even on her own hearth. They threatened dissolution to the house, and were about to carry their resolves into execution, when the city guard appeared, dispersed the mob, and restored the dancer and the bull-dog to comparative security. The last accounts state that the guards still watch around the house. Lola is determined to leave the affair to arbitration, and then to leave the city. A surgeon and two waggoners will be appointed to adjudicate on the wholesale value of a nose, upon which Lola will refund the sum awarded, deducting a trifle as compensation for the loss of one of Cerberus's eyes, which fortunately was blind. The entire town is divided for and against the captivating and striking *danseuse*, but from all we can learn, we are inclined to think that the Noes will certainly have the worst of it.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Tuesday last, Madame Bishop made her bow in the Edinburgh Theatre, in *Sonnambula*. She received a most

flattering reception from a full and highly fashionable audience. The opera was listened to throughout with great attention; and it was evident that much was expected from the heroine of the evening. In the opening Cavatina, "Dearest Companions," Madame Bishop at once raised herself to the greatest height in the estimation of the audience; her most exquisite singing producing such an effect on her hearers, that they could not refrain from interrupting her with manifestations of delight. Every point of Madame Bishop's vocalizing, every artistic and delicate effect, was responded to by the house, that seemed fully to appreciate the talents and genius of the singer. A more critical audience could hardly be assembled within the walls of any theatre than there was at the Theatre Royal, on Tuesday evening. The artist could not have been done greater justice nor could she have received a greater amount of homage. To say the truth, an Edinburgh audience has seldom been roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm. Generally speaking, our audiences are not easily excited, but when they are excited their feelings know no bounds. Such was the case on Tuesday evening. Madame Bishop's splendid acting and magnificent singing awoke them from their natural apathy, and almost drove them wild. They were unprepared for so wonderful an exhibition of vocal and histrionic powers combined; and though they expected much, from Madame Bishop's great fame, yet the reality so far surpassed expectation as to produce amazement and surprise. The walls of the Edinburgh Theatre have not been assailed by such deafening clamour for many years as hailed them on Tuesday evening. Madame Bishop was twice rapturously encored in the *finale*—a compliment seldom, if ever, paid to a singer at the Edinburgh Theatre;—and when the fair vocalist came before the curtain to answer to the unanimous call of the house, the entire audience rose at her, as they were wont at Kean, and cheered her for several minutes. So much for enthusiasm for talent in Auld Reekie. Mr. Reeves performed Elvino decently; and Mr. P. Corri but indifferently. The opera was well got up. The *Sonnambula* was repeated on Wednesday, with increased effect and redoubled enthusiasm. As Madame Bishop's singing is heard oftener, it delights the more. Like some singers, she does not strike with all her powers at once, and leaves little or nothing to after-hearing. Her effects do not evaporate with a first performance; there is always something new to astonish and enrapture, and even when rapture and surprise are satisfied, there is always something new to learn. This is the divinest consummation of art, which only singers gifted like Madame Bishop can attain. To-night the *Maid of Artois* will be produced, of which you shall have due notice early next week.

THE AFFINITIES.

From the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 154.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

Thus, in the social whirlpool did Luciana still keep urging on this bustling life. Her court daily increased, partly because her doings were exciting and attractive to a great number, and partly because she managed to gain others by her kindness and affability. Her liberality knew no bounds; and when so much that was valuable and beautiful poured in upon her, through the affection of her aunt and bridegroom, she seemed not to possess anything of her own, nor to know the value of the things, which they had heaped around her. Thus she did not hesitate a moment to take off a costly shawl and hang it round a lady, who seemed too meanly clad in comparison with the others, and she did this so archly and dexterously that it was impossible to refuse the gift. One of her court always had a purse, with the office of making enquiries in any place

they entered, concerning the sick and aged, and of relieving their wants at least for the moment. Thus in all the country round she acquired an excellent name, which nevertheless caused her much inconvenience, as it frequently incumbered her with idle paupers.

But nothing so much increased her fame as her remarkably kind and persevering conduct towards an unfortunate young man, who, being in other respects handsome and well made, avoided society, because he had lost his hand, though honourably in battle. This disfigurement excited in him so much melancholy;—it was for him such an annoyance that every new acquaintance had to be informed of his calamity—that he chose rather to shut himself up, to abandon himself to reading and other studies, and to have nothing more to do with society.

The existence of this young man did not remain concealed from Luciana. He was forced to come and join first a small party, then a larger one, then one larger still; she behaved to him more agreeably than to any other, and by her urgency in obliging him, contrived to give a certain value to his loss, as she showed herself so active in replacing it. At table he was forced to take his place by her and she cut his meat, that he might only have to use his fork. If persons who were older or of a higher rank prevented this proximity she extended her attention over the entire table, and the hurried servants had to compensate the young man for that of which distance threatened to deprive him. At last she exhorted him to write with his left hand, all his efforts were to be sent to her, and thus, near or far, she always stood in connection with him. The young man did not know what had befallen him, and from this moment he really began a new life.

Perhaps we may imagine that such conduct was displeasing to the bridegroom. The contrary was the case. He considered her endeavours highly meritorious, and was so much the more satisfied in this respect that he had learned to know the almost exaggerated qualities by which she contrived to remove from herself everything that appeared in the slightest degree critical. She wished to fly about with every one at her pleasure, every one was in danger of being pushed, pulled or otherwise teased by her, but no one could venture to do the like with her, to treat her as he pleased or to return a liberty which she herself took, in the slightest way; thus she held others in the strictest bounds of decorum towards herself, while towards others she seemed every moment to be overstepping them.

Altogether one might have thought that it was her fixed maxim to expose herself equally to praise and blame, to being liked and disliked; for if she sought to gain people in various ways, she generally spoiled all again with her wicked tongue, which spared nobody. Thus not a single visit was paid in the neighbourhood, nor were she and her party ever kindly received in the castles and residences without her showing on her return, in the most reckless manner, that she liked to regard all the relatives of humanity only on the ridiculous side. There were three brothers who were overtaken by old age, while complimenting each other as to who should be married first; there was a short young lady with a tall old man; there, on the contrary, was a little active man with an unwieldy giantess. In one house you stumbled over a child at every step; another never seemed full to her, even with the largest party, because no children were present. Old married people, she thought, ought to be buried as soon as possible, that somebody might laugh in the house, when no heirs had been given them. Young married people ought to travel, because a domestic life did not suit them. Just as she dealt with persons she dealt with things, with buildings, with house and table furniture. The decorations of walls, above all, elicited some comical remark. From the oldest tapestry to the most modern papering—from the most venerable family picture to the most trivial copper-plate—all was food for her jeering remarks, so that it was a wonder that for five miles round anything was still in existence.

In this negating tendency there was perhaps no malice, properly so called; she might have been generally impelled by a wanton self-will, but in her deportment towards Ottilia, there was real bitterness. She looked down with contempt on the calm, uninterrupted activity of this dear girl; and when it was remarked, in the course of conversation, what great care Ottilia took of the gardens and hot-houses, she not only made a jest of it, while, forgetful of

the depth of winter, she appeared to wonder that neither flowers nor fruit were to be seen, but she fetched so much verdure, so many branches, so much indeed of everything which was budding, and employed it for the daily decoration of the rooms and the table, that Ottilia and the gardener were not a little hurt at the destruction of their hopes for the ensuing year, and perhaps for a longer time.

Just as little did she allow Ottilia to follow in quiet her domestic routine, in which she ordinarily had moved so commodiously. Ottilia was to join all the parties of pleasure and sledging-expeditions; was to go to the balls given in the neighbourhood; was to shun neither snow, cold, nor strong night-winds, since so many others could bear them without dying. Ottilia suffered not a little on this account, but Luciana gained nothing; for although Ottilia was very simply clad, she always was, or at any rate seemed to be, the most beautiful in the eyes of the gentlemen. A soft attracting power assembled all the men around her, whether in the extended spaces she occupied the first or the last place. Even Luciana's bridegroom conversed often with her, the more so as he desired her advice and co-operation in an affair which occupied him.

He had become better acquainted with the architect, had, while over his collection of works of art, talked much with him on historical matters, and on other occasions, especially while looking over the chapel, had learned to appreciate his talent. The baron was young and rich; he made collections, and wished to build; his love for building was great, his knowledge of it was small; and he thought that in the architect he had found a man with whom he could carry out several of his views. He had communicated his intentions to his bride, who commended him, and was highly pleased with the proposal; more perhaps to detach the young man from Ottilia (for she thought she had observed in him something like an inclination) than because she thought of employing his talent for any purpose of his own. For, although he had been very active at her extempore festivals, and had offered many resources on many occasions, she always thought that she herself was the best judge. Moreover, as her inventions were generally of a common-place kind, the talent of a clever valet was just as serviceable to her as that of the most eminent artist. If she wished to pay any one a festal compliment on his birthday, or any other day of note, her imagination did not soar beyond a votive altar, or the coronation of a living or plaster head.

Ottilia was able to give the best information to the bridegroom, who had asked what was the architect's position with respect to the house. She knew that Charlotte had already been looking out a situation for him, since, if the company had not arrived, the young man would have retired immediately after the completion of the chapel, as there must necessarily be a pause in all building during the winter. Hence it would be very desirable for the clever artist to have the benefit of a new patron.

The personal connection of Ottilia with the architect was perfectly pure and dispassionate. The agreeable manners and the activity he had displayed in her presence, had amused her and pleased her like the vicinity of an elder brother. Her feeling towards him remained on the calm passionless surface of consanguinity, for in her heart there was no place left. It was completely filled with her love for Edward, and only the Deity, who penetrates everything, could share this heart with him.

The deeper the winter set in, the wilder the weather, the more impassable the roads, the greater appeared the attraction of spending the decreasing days in such good company. After a little ebbing, the house was gradually overflowed by a multitude. Officers from remote garrisons, of whom the more educated were very acceptable, the ruder very annoying to the party, were among the number; nor was there any lack of civilians, and one day the Count and Baroness arrived, completely unexpected.

Their presence seemed first to create a real court. The men of rank and social position surrounded the Count, while the ladies did full justice to the Baroness. People did not long wonder to see them both together and so cheerful, for they learned that the Count's wife had died, and that a new union would take place as soon as *etiquette* permitted. Ottilia remembered their first visit—every word which had then been uttered about marriage and separation, union and division, hope, expectation, self-denial and resignation. Both persons, then completely without prospects,

now stood before her, close to the promised happiness, and an involuntary sigh escaped from her heart.

Luciana had scarcely heard that the Count was an amateur of music, than she managed to get up a concert, at which she wished to sing with a guitar-accompaniment. Her wish was fulfilled: she played on the instrument with some talent, and had a pleasing voice. As for the words, they were as little understood as when any other German beauty sings to the guitar. However all assured her that she sang with great expression, and she could well be contented with the applause she had received. Only a strange mischance befel her on this occasion. There was among the party a young poet, whom she particularly hoped to oblige, as she wished to have some songs by him addressed to herself, and hence she chiefly sang his songs on this particular evening. He, like all the rest, was polite, but she had expected more. She had sometimes pressed him, but could get nothing further out of him, until at last, in a fit of impatience, she sent one of her retinue to sound him, as to whether he was not delighted to hear his excellent poems so excellently sung. "My poems?" said he, with astonishment; then he added, "Excuse me, sir, I have heard nothing but vowels, and not even all of these. However it is my duty to show my gratitude for such a kind intention." The courier was silent, while the other tried to get out of the affair with some well-sounding compliments. Luciana gave the poet to understand, in no obscure manner, that she expected something written expressly for her. If it would not have been too hard, he could have placed before her the alphabet to pick out at pleasure a poetical panegyric to any melody that might be at hand. Nevertheless, she could not get out of this affair without being wounded in her feelings; for she learned shortly afterwards that the poet had on that very evening written to a favorite melody of Ottilia's a charming poem, the tone of which was more than complimentary.

Luciana, like all persons of her kind, who constantly mingle together what is advantageous for them, and what is injurious, now wished to try her luck in recitation. Her memory was good, but her style of delivery—to speak the truth—was mindless, and vehement without being impassioned. She recited ballads, narratives, and other pieces of the kind usually employed for declamation, and had contracted an unfortunate habit of accompanying her words with gestures. Thus the properly lyric and epic were unpleasantly jumbled rather than connected with the dramatic.

The Count, who was an acute man, and, therefore, soon took a survey of the company, with their inclinations, passions, and amusements, induced Luciana—happily or otherwise—to try a new style of performance, which was very suitable to her person. "I find," he said, "many well-made people here, who assuredly must be able to imitate picturesque movements and attitudes. Should they not try to represent real well-known pictures? Such an imitation, if it requires much trouble in the arrangement, produces an incredibly charming effect."

Luciana quickly perceived that here she would be quite at home. Her fine stature, her tall figure, her face regular but expressive, her plaited light-brown hair, her slender neck,—all seemed made on purpose for a picture; and if she had known that she looked more beautiful when standing still than when in motion—since in the latter case a certain want of grace often marred the general effect—she would certainly have given herself up more zealously to this natural sort of painting.

They looked for prints from celebrated pictures, and first chose the "Belisarius," after Vandyck. A tall well-made man of a certain age was to represent the sitting figure of the blind general, the architect was to imitate the warrior standing before him in mournful sympathy, whom he really somewhat resembled. Luciana had half-modestly chosen for herself the young woman in the back ground, who is counting out a liberal donation from a purse into the palm of her hand, while an old woman seems to be dissuading her, and demonstrating that she is doing too much. Another lady, in the very act of giving alms to Belisarius, was not forgotten.

On this and other pictures they set to work right earnestly. The Count gave some hints to the architect who forthwith constructed a theatre for the purpose, and took the necessary precautions for lighting. It was not until they had plunged deep into their preliminary arrangement that they perceived their project required a considerable outlay, and that many requisites were not to be obtained

in a country place in the middle of the winter. That nothing might interrupt the amusement, Luciana cut up nearly the whole of her wardrobe to make the different costumes, which the artists, arbitrarily enough, had represented.

The evening arrived and the performance took place in presence of a numerous assembly, and with great applause. Music of a significant character served to raise the expectations. The "Belisarius" was done first. The forms were so suitable, the colours were so happily distributed and the lighting was so artistically managed, that one really supposed one's self transported into another world. Still the presence of the real, instead of the merely seeming, produced a kind of painful sensation.

The curtain fell and was raised again more than once in compliance with the general desire. A musical *intermezzo* then amused the company, who were to be astonished by a picture of a higher kind. This was Poussin's well-known "Ahasuerus and Esther." This time Luciana had provided better for herself; as the fainting queen she displayed all her charms, and for the girls who supported her she had prudently chosen mere pretty well-made figures, none of which could in every degree compete with her own. Otilia remained excluded from this picture, as from the rest; to represent the Jupiter-like king on his golden throne, Luciana had selected the handsomest and most robust men of the party, so that a really incomparable degree of perfection was obtained.

As a third subject, they had selected the so-called "Paternal Admonition," by Terburg; and who is unacquainted with the fine copper-plate by our Wille from this picture? A noble knightly father is sitting, with one foot crossed over the other, and seems to be appealing to the conscience of his daughter, who is standing before him. She is a majestic person, dressed in white satin, rich in folds, who, though only seen from behind, seems to indicate, by her whole appearance, that she is collecting herself. However, we see by the mien and gesture of the father, that the admonition is not very vehement and overpowering, while as for the mother, she seems to be concealing a slight degree of confusion, by looking into a glass of wine, which she is in the act of drinking.

This was an opportunity for Luciana to appear in her greatest brilliancy. Her tresses, the form of her head, the back of her neck, were beautiful beyond measure, and her waist, which was exceedingly slender, and but little shown off by the modern-antique dress worn by ladies,* was displayed most advantageously in the older costume. Moreover, the architect had taken care to adjust the rich folds of the white satin with the most artificial nature, so that this living imitation was, without question, far superior to the original picture, and occasioned universal delight. There was no end to the demands for repetition, and the natural wish to see the face of a lovely being whose back they had looked upon so long, gained so much in strength, that one impatient wag cried out the words, often written at the end of a page, "*Tournez s'il vous plait*," and met the approval of all. However, the performers knew their advantage too well, and had too deeply felt the meaning of these works of art to comply with this general demand. The apparently modest daughter stood quietly, without vouchsafing to the spectators the expression of her countenance, the father remained sitting in his admonitory position, and the mother did not move her eyes or nose from the transparent glass, in which, though she appeared to drink, the wine did not diminish. We need not say much of the little after-pieces, for which Dutch scenes of inns and fairs had been selected.

The Count and the Baroness took their departure, promising to return during the first happy weeks of their approaching union; and Charlotte at last hoped, after painfully toiling through two months, that she would soon be freed from the rest of the company. She was certain that her daughter would be happy when the first tumult of marriage and youth had subsided, for the bridegroom considered himself the happiest man in the world. Having a great fortune and a modest disposition, he seemed wonderfully flattered by the privilege of possessing a lady who must please everybody. He had such a peculiar way of referring everything to her, and only through her to himself that it produced an unpleasant sensation if a new comer did not at once direct all his attention to her, and sought to come into closer connection with himself, without troubling

himself particularly about her, as indeed was often the case, especially with older people, on account of his own good qualities. With the architect matters were soon settled. In the new year he was to follow the bridegroom, and spend the carnival with him in the city, where Luciana anticipated the greatest delight from the repetition of such beautifully contrived *tableaux*, and from a hundred things besides, especially as her aunt and bridegroom seemed to regard as trifling every expense that was required for her amusement.

A general departure was then to take place, but this could not take place in an ordinary manner. Some tolerably loud jests were uttered that Charlotte's winter-provisions would soon be consumed, when the gentleman, who had represented Belisarius, and was indeed sufficiently rich, being carried away by the attractions of Luciana, to whom he had paid homage for so long a time, cried, "Then let it be in the Polish fashion. Come and consume me, and thus let it go round!" No sooner said than done. Luciana consented. The following day everything was packed up, and the whole multitude moved off into another residence. Here there was room enough, but less convenience and management. Hence arose much that was unsuitable, and this first made Luciana truly happy. The mode of life became more and more wild and disorderly. *Battues* in the deepest snow, and other incommensurable sports of all sorts were contrived. Ladies could no more exclude themselves than gentlemen, and thus they went on, hunting and riding, sledging and rioting, from one estate to another, till they at last approached the capital. Here the intelligence how people amused themselves at court and in the city gave another turn to the imagination, and drew Luciana and her train into another sphere of life. Her aunt had gone before her.

FROM OTILIA'S DIARY.

In the world we take every one to be that which he represents himself to be—but he must represent something. We bear the annoying better than the insignificant.

We can force everything upon society, excepting that which has a consequence.

We do not learn to know people when they come to us. To learn their real peculiarities we must go to them.

I feel it almost natural that we find a great deal of fault with our visitors, and that, as soon as they are gone, we do not judge them in the most amiable manner, for we have—so to speak—a right to measure them by our own standard. Even intelligent and charitable men scarcely abstain, in such cases, from a severe censure.

If, on the contrary, we have been with others, and have seen them in their ordinary circumstances and habits, and the situation which is inevitably imposed upon them—have seen how they act in their own sphere or adopt themselves to events—it is malice and a want of understanding to find that ridiculous which for more than one reason we ought to respect.

By what we call conduct and good manners, that should be attained which otherwise is only to be attained by force or perhaps not even by force.

Intercourse with ladies is the element of good manners.

How can the character and peculiarities or the individual co-exist with the rules of social life?

Peculiarities should first be properly brought out by social life. Every one desires what is important, only it must not be obtrusive.

A military man of education has the greatest advantages, both in life and in society.

Rough military men do not at any rate depart from their character, and as there is generally something of good humour concealed behind their strength, they are quite manageable in case of need.

No one is more intolerant than a clumsy civilian. We have a right to require refinement from him, as he has not to employ himself in any rough occupation.

When we live with persons who have a fine feeling for what is proper, we feel an uneasiness on their account if anything improper occurs. Thus I always feel for Charlotte, if any one shakes his chair, because she has a mortal dislike to the practice.

No one would join a familiar party with spectacles on his nose if he knew that we ladies at once lost the pleasure of looking at him, and conversing with him.

Familiarity, in the place of respect, is always ridiculous. No one

* The romance was written in the days of the "short waists."—TRANSLATOR.

would take off his hat immediately he had paid a compliment, if he knew how comical it looked.

There is no outward mark of politeness that may not have a deep social cause. A right education would teach the sign and the cause together.

Conduct is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

There is a certain politeness of the heart which is akin to love, and from which springs the most agreeable politeness of external conduct.

Voluntary independence is the finest situation, and how would that be possible without love?

We are never farther from our wishes than when we fancy we possess the object of our desires.

No one is more a slave than he who considers himself free without actually being so.

A person need only declare himself free, and that moment he feels to be confined. If he ventures to declare himself confined, he feels himself free.

Against the great superiority of another there is no resource but love.

There is something frightful about a superior man who is made much of by stupid persons.

They say no one is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. The reason is, that a hero can be appreciated by heroes only. The *valet* will probably know how to estimate those of his own class.

There is no greater consolation for mediocrity than the fact that genius is not immortal.

The greatest men are always attached to their age by a weakness.

Persons are usually thought more dangerous than they really are. Fools and clever people are alike harmless. Only the half-fools and half-wise are very dangerous.

Art is the surest way of receding from the world, and the surest way of connecting one's self with it.

Even in the moment of the highest felicity and the highest need we require the artist.

Art busies itself with the difficult and the good.

Seeing the difficulty easily managed, gives us an intuition of the impossible.

Difficulties increase the nearer we approach the goal.

Sowing is not so troublesome as reaping.

(To be continued.)

*To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXV.

Though oft I tell thee of my love, I fear
Thou think'st that of my passion much I feign,
And seek in wantonness thy heart in pain,
While my own heart is from all anguish clear.
Perchance thou think'st I like to see thee near,
And smile on thee, and bid thee smile again,
To fill a moment with amusement vain,
And that some other might be quite as dear.
Dost thou think this? My life, it is not so;
Thou art mine all—to thee I wildly cling,
As he that's drowning grasps the neighbouring tree.
The passing signs of sorrow which I show
But faintly indicate my suffering.
Oh, I implore, doubt not my love for thee.

N. D.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Hargreaves Choral Society gave a dress Concert (the fourth of the sixth series) in the Free Trade Hall, Peter-street, on Thursday evening, the 23th ult. The programme, a curiosity in its way, wholly composed of glees and choruses, and wholly sustained by local artists, merits citation.

PART I.—Overture "Oberon," Weber. Chorus Glee with an orchestral accompaniment. "Give me the harp," Sir J. Stevenson. Solo, Messrs. Walton and J. W. Isherwood. Chorus (Soprano) "Charity," Rossini. Solo, Mrs. John Wood. Chorus Glee with orchestral accompaniment "Shades of the heroes," T. Cooke. Solo, Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Nocturne, violin, Mr. C. A. Seymour, *Panofka*. Chorus, "Bright sword of liberty," Weber. Round, "Yes, 'tis the Indian

drum," Fernando Cortez, Sir H. R. Bishop. German Glee, "The two Roses," Werner. Chorus, "Tremble, tremble, Don Giovanni," Mozart.

PART II.—Overture, "Zampa," Herold. Chorus, "The Storm Scene," Virgin of the Sun, Sir H. R. Bishop. Solo, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. Walton, and Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Chorus Soprano, "Come away with willing feet," Martyr of Antioch, *Cudmore*. Chorus Glee, "Strike the lyre," T. Cooke. Chorus, "The tiger couches," The Maniac, Sir H. R. Bishop. Madrigal, "Lady, when I behold," (A.D. 1859), *Wibys*. Glee, "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn," Sir H. R. Bishop. March and Chorus, "Crown ye the alters," Ruins of Athens, *Beethoven*. Chorus, "Fill high the generous measures," Robert le Diable, *Meyerbeer*. Chorus, "The Chough and Crow," Guy Mannering, Sir H. R. Bishop. Solo, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Parry, and Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Leader, Mr. C. A. Seymour. Conductor, Mr. John Waddington.

The above is the remarkable scheme alluded to last week—a daring innovation on all established modes of giving concerts—consisting of no less than sixteen choruses in succession, and almost without intermission! The avowed object of the directors, in thus relying on the unaided strength of their excellent choir, was to reserve the funds, which the engagement of principal singers would have expended, in order to give the *Elijah* with so much the greater effect in April next; the object is doubtless a good one—but we doubt whether it will be found to have been good policy. The Free Trade Hall was at the commencement thin, and at no period of the evening was near so full as at any of the former concerts this season. We noticed a number of new faces too, and a goodly sprinkling of juveniles—evident proofs that many of the members had given away their tickets, instead of attending themselves; an ominous warning that the great body of subscribers to the Hargreaves Society were not satisfied with the bill of fare provided for them. Weber's "Oberon" was given in first rate style; the horns, which so often mar this overture in the provinces, were perfection. Sir John Stevenson's chorus made an excellent opening to the vocal business. Mr. Walton and Mr. James Isherwood, two of our resident vocalists, acquitting themselves very well in the solo parts, the whole being more effectively given, than we ever before heard it, by reason of the great number of the voices, and the addition of the full orchestral accompaniment. Rossini's treble chorus "Carita," was charmingly warbled by our Lancaster witches, and was loudly applauded. Cooke's glee, "Shades of the heroes," was done in such a manner, as it would have delighted him to hear, it is a glee right well known in Manchester, and a favourite too: but all present were astonished to hear it given with such precision, such variety of light and shade, by so numerous a choir; the effect too of the band's accompaniment was even greater in this, than in Sir John Stevenson's glee. Mr. James Isherwood deserves favourable mention for his merited delivery of the solo, and the choir unbanded praise. The forte at "Raise ye hundred bars," with full band and chorus, had a thrilling effect. Mr. Seymour the leader of the band, then gave *Panofka's* nocturne on the violin, in a finished and masterly manner—although he does not produce the tone of some of the more celebrated solo violinists, he makes his instrument to sing as it were, and his execution is always remarkably neat and clear—he was much applauded. The next piece which calls for remark is Sir H. R. Bishop's round, who has heard much of our Manchester vocalists, and knows what they can do; but I dare say he never dreamt of their ever attempting to sing his beautiful round as a chorus, some twenty voices or so, each of the four parts! All praise to the Hargreaves Choir! they accomplished it admirably, and we were delighted with our old favourite in its dress. Werner's glee although very pretty and nicely sung, (still chorus all through) did not so well merit the encore it received as Bishop's round. The finale to Don Giovanni, wound up the first part with some capital stuff for both band and choir, and it went admirably. The second part of the concert did not go off so well, thus showing that the ear begins to tire of such a long succession of choruses, unrelieved by a single song, and that the singers tire also. Mrs. John Wood was very ineffective in the solo of the "Storm Scene," yet how well she gave the solo in "Charity." The trebles were less efficient in the soprano chorus, from the Martyr of Antioch, than we have heard them for a long time. Tom Cooke's second glee, had equal justice done to it with "Shades of the Heroes," it was most beautifully sung—not so the Madrigal, which was *all but* a break down. Mr. Edward's horn was again heard to advantage, in the accompaniment to the hacknied chorus of "Foresters sound the cheerful horn," which went very smoothly. Beethoven's March and Chorus, "Crown ye the alters," would have made a noble finish to the concert, as it is a glorious composition, and was splendidly given; but no, we must have two more choruses, "Fill high the generous measure," from Robert le Diable, and Bishop's so very much hacknied, "Chough and Crow." It really is not doing justice to the Hargreaves Choir, or the indefatigable conductor, Mr. John Waddington, to crowd so many choruses into one evening's performance, to say nothing of the extra labour and diligence required in getting them up; they would have told as well again if, say one half the number had been given, and those interspersed with a due mixture of songs, duets, &c. We wish to see this society second to none in the provinces: hence these remarks. An experiment has

been tried in this concert, which we think would be hazardous to the well being of the society to repeat. The Hargreaves Society has a character at stake now that will not admit of common place or second rate concerts, and we trust that in future it will not be necessary to pinch any one concert for the sake of another—but that the entire six each season be made as attractive as possible. This is the only way in which a large number of subscribers can be obtained; and, without means, the society falls to the ground. We trust that "Elijah," may be done, as it is hoped to be, in April—and that we may have Miss Birch, Staudigl, and Mendelssohn on that occasion, when no doubt great eclat will be given to the Hargreave's Choral Society. Jullien had the Free Trade Hall, fuller than ever, on Wednesday last, it is said above four thousand persons were present. He is coming again in April with *Pischeke*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE past week has been signalised by the return of Madame Castellan and the debut of a new tenor, the most renowned of the actual talents of Italy,—Signor Fraschini.

Never, perhaps, did the value of competition receive a more striking illustration in the history of operatic doings, than at the present moment. All the world considered Mr. Lumley's star to have set; and even his friends despaired of its ever reappearing again on the horizon. But circumstances lashed his energies into exertion; and throwing off a supineness that had grown upon him in the days of prosperity, he displayed qualities of enterprise and daring, for which few would, in the old time, have given him credit. "Where," was the question, "will Mr. Lumley get his tenors?" Mario and Salvi were secured elsewhere; but their substitutes, Gardoni and Fraschini, have been tested, and are found worthy. "Where," was again the question, "will Mr. Lumley find his barytones?" Tamburini and Ronconi were secured elsewhere; but in their stead we have Coletti and Superchi, who have equally undergone the ordeal of public judgment, and were pronounced worthy of public approval. The name of Lablache stopped the mouth of conjecture, when it opened to prate of basses; and as if that were not enough, there comes a Signor Bouché, from over the water, who, in one night's performance, wins himself a station and a name. The departments of *soprani* and *contralti* were less easy to fill up; but, if we are not greatly mistaken, the course of next month will unfold a no less satisfactory solution of that perplexing question. Two little words, displayed in large Roman characters, at the head of the Opera bills, will suffice, for a time at least, to draw the world within its walls. And if the spell those words contain prove not to be damnable sorcery and witchcraft, their influence must, perforce, endure; and thus, a season, begun in the darkness of despair, will end in the sunlight of exultation. Much, very much, depends not only upon the appearance of those two little words on the posters of Her Majesty's Theatre, but on their turning out to be worthy of the halo of glory that has shone around them through the haze of continental rumour. JENNY LIND is the spell that must charm the tide of popular favor, and cause its waves to beat upon the shores of Mr. Lumley's territory. Meanwhile, we have the graceful and feminine Castellan, who will help the improving Sanchioli to sustain the ancient and time-honored Opera-house in its battle against the armies of an adverse power.

On Tuesday night, Donizetti's pleasing opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, with a caste that excited a very unanimous and accountable curiosity. The story and the music are both so well known to our readers that we are saved the necessity of commenting upon either. The characters were thus supported:—*Lucia*, by Madame Castellan—*Edgardo*, by Signor Fraschini—*Enrico*, by Signor Coletti—*Bidebent*, Arturo and *Normando*, respectively by Signori Solari, Dai Fiori, and

Guidi. Let us begin at the end, and dismissing the subordinates with a word, proceed to discuss the merits of the principals. Of the representatives of Arturo and Normando, then, we have nothing to say at all; but the character of Bidebent, being one of some consequence, we should wish to have seen in more efficient hands. Where was Frederick Lablache, an artist ever welcome to the public for his own sake, no less than for that of the name he bears, and one in every respect more competent to sing and act the part than the gentleman to whose care it was entrusted? The public have a right to put this question, and, as the public's representative, we put it for the public. Where, then, was Frederick Lablache, who on such an occasion should have been called upon to complete the strength of the caste, and ensure the well-going of much that is important in the agreeable music of Donizetti? We feel assured that the management will not answer the query, and therefore put it twice, as a sign that it is unanswerable.

But to something more agreeable. Madame Castellan has returned to us with her wonted charms of person and manner, her delicious freshness and wonderful compass of voice; her facility in the use of florid ornament and rapid utterance of notes—in short, with all the characteristics that have gained her distinction, and these strengthened and improved by the beneficial influence of a long (perhaps too long) repose. Her impersonation of the beautiful character of Lucia is marked by many very high excellencies, accompanied by some, not very striking defects. Nothing can be more prepossessing than her first two acts. The pensive heroine of Scott, with an enthusiastic temperament concealed under the covering of a gentle and innocent bearing, like water that is the deeper from its stillness, was before us, with all the interest that belongs to our recollections of one of the most pathetic of romances. Her first duet was charmingly given. In the finale to the second act there was the same womanly grace, but a want of intensity, which is the principal drawback to Madame Castellan's becoming an artist of the first rank. In the third act, the mad scene, one of the triumphs of Persiani, in her hands was deficient in reality; as a dramatic effort, indeed, it is beyond her power. But her singing was very artistic, and her execution of *floriture* and passages of energy was, in many instances, astonishing. She was warmly greeted on her *entrée*, liberally applauded throughout the opera, and recalled upon the stage several times. That Madame Castellan is a very great favourite with the public is indisputable; and it is equally certain that she is an accomplished artist and deserving of her popularity.

Signor Coletti, in Enrico, displayed the faults and beauties we have already recorded of his talent. His voice and style, though the one is superb and the other agreeable, are both somewhat monotonous. The former produces much the effect of a fine organ-pipe, being equally resonant and magnificent, and equally incapable of gradations of tone; the latter fatigues by its want of variety. We have, moreover, to reproach Signor Coletti for dragging certain passages in the second finale, so much so as to spoil the connection and damage the effect of the music. Mr. Balfé should put his veto upon this. In other respects we can praise Signor Coletti without difficulty. He is evidently a good musician, and his value in the concerted music is inestimable. His airs are always effective, for, though he lacks energy and colour in his acting, he has a large amount of impulsive expression in his singing. Moreover—and this after all must weigh heavily in the scale—take him for all in all, balancing his merits and his defects, it would be difficult to match him at the present moment, were Mr. Lumley to scour the whole of Italy for another.

In regard to Signor Fraschini we must speak more at length. First, it may not be out of place to give a sketch of his personal history, for which we are indebted to the *Morning Post* :—

Signor Fraschini was born at Padua, and was destined to become a member of the medical faculty. He had already undergone several years' study at the celebrated university of this city, when a *maestro* of the name of Moretti, having heard him hum tunes as he walked with him on the promenade, was so struck by his taste, that he induced him to adopt the musical profession. He began his career as a singer, in the cathedral of Padua, and in 1839, made his debut at Bergamo, in the small part of *Roderigo*. At that time the *prima donna*, who performed the part of *Drademonia*, was Mademoiselle Castellan. In 1840 he appeared for the first time at La Scala, in *Marino Faliero*. He has sung since, at various theatres in Italy. Pacini composed for him *Sappho*, *La Fidaanzata Corsa*, *Orsini & Curiali*; Verdi *Alzira*, and Mercadante *Il Proscritto*. The San Carlos has been his chief head-quarters lately. He has also performed with success at Vienna.

One thing is certain, that Signor Fraschini, at the present moment, enjoys the highest reputation of all the Italian singers, and before discussing his merits it is but just to acknowledge the liberality and enterprize of Mr. Lumley in engaging him. It was incumbent on the director of Her Majesty's Theatre to give his patrons and subscribers the opportunity of hearing this great Italian artist; but managers are not always ready to do what is incumbent on them, and in the present case Mr. Lumley might decently have excused himself from entering into the present engagement since he had already secured the services of a celebrated tenor, whose abilities the public had acknowledged and applauded as first-rate. We allude, of course, to Signor Gardoni. Mr. Lumley has, therefore, accomplished more than was required of him; and in treating with Signor Fraschini for the present season, has voluntarily incurred an addition to the current expenses of his establishment to the tune of something like £4000. The *Morning Chronicle* itself would hardly, we imagine, refuse this acknowledgment to Mr. Lumley's spirit and determination to support the dignity of his theatre "under circumstances of peculiar difficulty." Signor Fraschini is a singer of the Duprez school. His voice is a *tenore robusto* of immense power in the higher range, of great flexibility, and of good quality throughout. He sings entirely from the chest, and can produce the higher notes, up even to B flat, with prodigious facility. His voice is evidently under his entire control. There is never the least appearance of effort in what he does, and his passages of energy are delivered with astonishing effect. He has a straightforward manly style, occasionally disfigured by exaggeration, but generally unaffected and pure. His intonation is seldom at fault. He phrases well, enunciates his words with great distinctness, and never slackens his energies in the concerted pieces, a quality in which your great tenors are too often wanting. These are his beauties. His defects may be recorded in fewer words. His execution is unfinished; a group of notes seems to trouble him sadly, and his endeavours at ornament, rare we admit, are nearly always abortive. His lower and middle notes are less powerful than the higher; indeed, the tone seems to increase as the scale ascends, no notes in his voice being more effective than the F, G, A, and B, flat. Of his command of these he gives a remarkable exemplification in the *finale* to the second act, at the instant of the malediction. As an actor, Signor Fraschini has many good points; a kind of rough manliness that serves his turn admirably in passages where passion and energy are acquired is the predominant characteristic of his talent. He acts (as he sings) much better in violent than in tender situations. His gestures are somewhat angular, and his *poses* partake largely of the melo-

dramatic extravagance which seems to be inseparable from the Italian dramatic school. Nothing, for example, could be more grotesque than his manner of saluting the audience, in answer to the demonstrations of approval with which he was so prodigally honoured. His attitudes were for all the world like those of Crispin, in the old French comedies. It would serve no purpose to follow Signor Fraschini through the opera. Suffice it, though the first duet (with Castellan) produced very little impression, the audience seemed to grow into a liking of the singer, as the opera proceeded and the greetings, at first cold and chary, gradually swelled into enthusiasm, and ultimately burst forth like the lava from Mount Etna, at the famous passage of "the curse," which induced the Swan of Pesaro, in one of his waggish moods, to christen him the "*tenore della maledizione*." He was encored in this, which he delivered with amazing force, and repeated it with redoubled vigour. We must avow, *en passant*, that we prefer the mode in which the incomparable Rachel breathes the curse, in *Les Horaces*; a withering malediction which would astound Niagara into silence. The natural effect of such a dramatic passage gains little or nothing from vociferation. Nevertheless, Signor Fraschini's curse has its peculiar effect upon the audience; and this is likely to endure, in despite of the scoffs and jests so liberally administered by the *Morning Chronicle* Boreas, who would fain blow the whole establishment, vocal and instrumental, of Her Majesty's Theatre off its legs. In the dying scene, Signor Fraschini fell far short of the vocal excellence of Rubini, and of the truthful pathos of Mario; but his simple unaffected reading was superior to the rapid hysterics of Moriani. On the whole, we are bound to say that the new tenor in no degree belies his reputation. Let Italian enthusiasm, be taken at its proper value, and Signor Fraschini may be said to have fulfilled the expectations entertained of him. His reception was highly flattering, and the applause was genuine. He was once or twice encored, and recalled more than once or twice upon the stage.

That fewer rehearsals had been accorded to *Lucia* than to *La Favorita* was evident from the exertions of the band and chorus, which albeit, often effective and in many places admirable, were now and then so much at fault, that but for the readiness and experience of their accomplished conductor, Mr. Balfe, they must have been at a stand still. On this point we would, with submission, remonstrate with Mr. Lumley and his excellent *chef d'orchestre*. After such a display of power and accuracy as was evinced on the first performance of *La Favorita*, amateurs and judges will be content with nothing less than that gradual and unflinching progress towards perfection which the means of the establishment, carefully fostered, cannot fail of attaining. We will give Balfe another season, after the present, to become as good as Mr. Costa, or anybody else you please. It must not be forgotten that there is a mighty difference of position between two conductors, one of whom has had a band many years under his control, while the other is saddled with a heterogeneous army of instrumentalists, gathered from east, west, north, and south, unused to each other, unused to the method of the director, and unused to orchestral playing altogether. This represents precisely the relative positions of Mr. Balfe, and Mr. Costa. How much then does it redound to the credit of the former, that, with scarcely a month's experience, he has already advanced so far on the road to perfection. There are points in Mr. Balfe's orchestra that cannot be too much commended; and none of them is more worthy of note than the precision and unanimity with which the regi-

tatives (the most fidgety part of a modern Italian opera) are accompanied. Much of this no doubt is to be traced to Mr. Balfe's being himself an admirable musician, and one thoroughly acquainted with all the exigencies of recitative; but great credit, nevertheless, is due to his men for the care and attention with which they follow his directions. We shall wait for some improvements that are hinted at in one or two departments of the orchestra, and we shall then see what the spirited director can effect, backed by his new reinforcements. The wood and brass instruments want mending in several particulars; the violins want weeding and strengthening; the tenors, violoncellos, and busses want (strong as are the two latter departments) still further strength; and, to conclude, the "kitchen furniture," as musicians expressively term the noisier instruments of brass, steel, and sheepskin, wants subduing. But all this, we are sure, will in due time be effected.

After the opera, the picturesque ballet of *Coralia* was repeated, the graceful and finished Rosati dividing the enthusiasm of the audience with the naive and fascinating Marie Taglioni. A word in praise of Madlle. Petit Stephan's charming pantomime and artistic dancing, in the part of Bertha, hitherto unthinkingly overlooked, must stand here as an acknowledgment of her excellence, and a reparation for a slight by no means intended. The house was exceedingly full.

On Thursday we had a variety of performances, in the usual manner of the off-subscription nights. Though we do not sympathise with the form of these Thursday-entertainments, we cannot deny that they offer an immense attraction to casual visitors of the theatre, especially those who come from the provinces, and who can only set aside a day or two to see and hear the "lions" of the metropolis. On this occasion the performances commenced with *Lucia*, which was given entire, Castellan and Fraschini singing much better than before, and the band and chorus evincing a much closer acquaintance with the score. The opera went off with acclamations, and the principal vocalists were repeatedly applauded, encored, and recalled before the curtain. After the opera, a *divertissement*, composed by M. Paul Taglioni, under the title *La Slavonienne*, was very cleverly executed by Madlle. Rosati and the author. This is a *pas de caractère*, but there is very little remarkable in it, or in the music to which Signor Pugnani has set it, and an attempt to encore it was successfully opposed. We have seen a much better dance of the kind (and better executed too) by Madlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon. A selection from *La Favorita* came next in order. In this was included the two tenor airs from the first and third acts, which Signor Gardoni sang in such a finished and elegant manner as to elicit an encore for both. As yet it must not be concealed that this admirable tenor is the great card of Mr. Lumley's new exportations. His voice is beautiful and powerful enough in all conscience, and his talent is of that artistic and attractive kind that appeals with equal eloquence to musicians and to the laity. Signor Bouché also took part in these fragments from Donizetti's great work. He sang the fine duet from the first act with Signor Gardoni, and acquitted himself well, although here and there his intonation was uncertain, the result, we are induced to believe, of a nervousness which the clever and pains-taking artist has failed hitherto to overcome. At the fall of the curtain Signor Gardoni was recalled and rewarded with fresh manifestations of public approval. The performances concluded with *Coralia*, in which Rosati and Marie Taglioni were once more applauded, encored and otherwise complimented. The talent of these charming *dansseuses* is of that varied and refined order that their efforts never tire,

and the oftener they are seen, the more they are admired. The house was crowded in every part.

Ere concluding, we may mention that the *Sonnambula* will be performed on Thursday, with Gardoni in Elvino, and Castellan in Amina. Carlotta Grisi, the peerless, the incomparable enchantress of the dance, has returned to Paris laden with new laurels won in the city of the Cesars. After appearing for a few nights in a new ballet that is preparing for her (*La Taitienne*, the music by Adolphe Adam,) she will, we expect, come to England and once again our eyes will be intoxicated with a sight of the ethereal Giselle, the innocent and lovely Esmeralda. Among the opera *on dit* we may mention a rumour that Balfe's opera of *Falstaff* will be revived when Lablache arrives. The management could scarcely adopt a step more likely to turn out profitable. *Falstaff* is one of the most attractive works of its prolific composer, whose popularity is increasing every day, and whose talents and zeal have at length succeeded in vanquishing all the prejudices and sophistry that were clamorous at the first announcement of his engagement as director of the band at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are mistaken in Mr. Lumley if, by this time, he is not thoroughly convinced of the value and ability of his new conductor, successor to the admirable Costa, though he be.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANKFORT.—(From the *Frankfort Observer*, Sunday Feb. 21.)—The concert of Mr. Aguilar always presents a rich assortment of interesting things, and this artist knows well how to unite the varieties of which a concert should consist, to form a tasteful and harmonious whole. Mendelssohn's quartette for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, a composition of which we cannot write too highly (in the German paper are twelve lines on this exquisite quartette, containing the highest praise), led the way, and its fiery and precise performance by Messrs. Aguilar, Eliason, Bockmuhl, and Dunnenberg, left nothing to be desired. A fantasia for the piano, of his own composition, gave Mr. Aguilar a good opportunity to distinguish himself as a pianist, not only solid and finished, but powerful and brilliant. Without doing homage to fashion, this still youthful artist has treated his instrument in a manner peculiar to himself, and though never losing his individuality, leaves the same charming impression on his audience as the performance of a Hummel, or a Thalberg might have done. A concertante for piano and violoncello, by himself and Lyepenowski, contains extremely pleasing and uncommon parts; among which, we must mention the andante, in which the low strings of the violoncello are used with excellent effect, and which was admirably given by M. Bockmuhl.—[The young *English* artist, of whom the foregoing speaks so highly, is mentioned in terms of equal admiration, both as pianist and composer, by the *Didaskalia*, of 24th Feb., the *Hanau Zeitung*, of 20th, and the *Frankfort Conversations Blats*, of the 26th Feb. This concert was attended by all the English, of any distinction, in Frankfort, numerous Germans, Russians, &c.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Bunn has announced his benefit for Monday next, and has issued a bill of such great and varied attraction as must necessarily command a bumper.

ADELPHI.—A new melodramatic piece, from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, entitled *The Flowers of the Forest*, was produced here on Thursday evening, and met with the most unequivocal success. *The Flowers of the Forest* is one of the

best dramas we have seen at this theatre for a very long time. It has plot, incident, situation, character, and humour in abundance. It affords Madame Celeste excellent scope for her excellent acting; it gives room to Paul Bedford and Wright for all sorts of drolleries and gags; it offers a vehicle to Mrs. Fitzwilliam for some fine, broad, hearty, domestic painting; and provides Miss Woolgar an opportunity for distinguishing herself by her very pretty and naive acting as a Gipsy boy. Nor must we forget the character awarded to that dramatic ogre, O. Smith, who appears as a hybrid Virginian, and draws sad tears from the pathos of the gallery. We have forbore to give an analysis of the plot, firstly, on account of the manifest absurdity of giving an analysis of any plot in general; and, secondly, on account of the manifest absurdity of giving the plot of the *Flowers of the Forest* in particular, as it would be doing no justice to Mr. Buckstone's admirable and simple story. The characters were all supported with great effect. Madame Celeste, as Cynthia, a romantic and passionate Italian Gipsy, was exceedingly happy, and received great applause throughout. Miss Woolgar as Lemuel, the Gipsy boy, looked most winning, and played most charmingly. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as a home bred Gipsy, was dramatically real. Wright, as a Cheap Jack, was droller than ever, and Paul Bedford followed close on the heels of Mr. Wright in comic excellence. *The Flowers of the Forest* was uproariously applauded, and all the performers were called for at the end; after which Mr. Buckstone was summoned also, and made his bow.

CONCERTS.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The seventy-first season of these fashionable, *recherché*, and antiquated musical assemblies (originated in 1776) commenced on Wednesday evening, in the Hanover-square Rooms, under the direction of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. We have to record nothing novel in the aspect of affairs, present or prospective, as regards the direction. The orchestral and choral department are similar to those of preceding seasons; the same vocalists smile upon us; the same programme stares upon us; the same aristocratic frigidity prevails; and the same conductor presides over all. Only Sir Henry Bishop was more polite in his position to the orchestra than he was last year, for instead of presenting the skirts of his coat to the gaze of the instrumentalists, he now poses himself sideways, thus making, between the audience and the orchestra, a compromise of his frontispiece. This was effected at the suggestion of Prince Albert, and is certainly in better taste than the position usually occupied by the conductor. Mr. Loder's death has deprived the orchestra of a most efficient leader, and it seems that the managing committee of the Ancient Concerts have concluded upon having no leader, as none has been appointed since; for though Mr. T. Cooke holds the nominal position of first violin, the sole conductorship and leadership have virtually merged into one, thus following out the plans adopted in all continental orchestras. Mr. Lucas continues to preside at the organ. The eight directors of the Ancient Concerts are the King of Hanover, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Howe, and the Earl of Cawdor. Sir W. Curtis is treasurer, W. A. Greaterex, Esq., secretary and librarian, and Mr. Lonsdale sub-treasurer. The following is the programme of Wednesday evening:—

PART I.—Coronation Anthem, *Zadok the priest*, Handel. Recit, *Alas! I find—Air, If guiltless blood*, (Susannah), Handel. Chorus, *Sanctus—Quartet, Benedictus—Solo, Agnus Dei*, Mozart. Recit, *Chi per pietà mi dica—Aria, Deh! parlate*, (Il Sacrificio d'Abraham), Cimarosa. Concerto 11th, violin, (Grand), Handel. Gradual, *Quodquid in orbe*, Hummel. Recit, *Nel chiuso centro—Aria, Euridice! e dove sei*, (Cantata), Pergolesi. Chorus, *Hallelujah*, (Messiah), Handel.

PART II.—Overture, (Occasional), Handel. Air, *Through the land so lovely blooming*, (Athaliah), Handel. Glee, *Oh, bird of eve*, *The Earl of Mornington*. Recit, *And God created man—Air, In native worth*, (Creation), Haydn. Chorus, *Gloria in excelsis*, Pergolesi. Aria, *La vendetta*, (Le Nozze

di Figaro), Mozart. Recit, *Lovinski hai cor—Duetto, Parto! ti lascio!* (Lodoviska), Meyer. Chorus, *The Lord shall reign*, (Israel in Egypt), Handel.

The entire absence of novelty in the above programme renders comment entirely superfluous. The choruses were executed with a kind of coarse energy that passes here for excellence, but does not please connoisseurs. The band was more zealous than efficient, and the general tendency of the whole performance was slovenly and slow. The only remarkable feature in the vocal music was Mr. Lockey's very artist-like interpretation of the air, "In native worth," from the *Creation*. The other vocalists were Made. Caradori Allan, Misses Bassano, the two Misses Williams, and Mr. F. Lablache. The latter's rendering of "La Vendetta" from *Figaro*, by the way, was deserving of all praise. Mr. Blagrove played Handel's concerto admirably. Applause is not permitted at these entertainments, which induces a frigidity that is enhanced by the general character of the selection, which is ordinarily of the dullest kind. A number of personages, "illustrious by birth," were present—the most illustrious of whom was the Duke of Wellington. The room was but thinly attended; however, these concerts must have some fresh blood infused into them, or they will die some day of their own torpidity. They are vastly exclusive and very expensive, considering their merits. Something better might surely be got of them.

Mrs. Dando's QUARTET CONCERTS.—Mr. Dando's fourth Quartet Concert took place on Monday evening in the Throne-room, Crosby-Hall. We were glad to find that the programme announced had the effect of bringing together all the subscribers, for the room was quite full before the concert commenced. The bill of fare was as follows:—

PART I.—Quartet in E major, No. 2, Op. 59, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. *A. Mühling*. (First Time of performance in this Country.) Recit. ed. Aria, Miss Dolby, "Quando miro quel bel cigno," Mozart. Quartet in D, No. 7, Op. 16, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. *Mozart*.

PART II.—Quintet in G minor, (Dedicated to G. Perkins, Esq.) for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and contra basso, Messrs. Dorrell, Dando, W. Thomas, Lucas, and G. S. vern, G. A. Macfarren. Songs, Miss Dolby, "Morgengruß," and "L'Onda che mormura," Mendelssohn and Hauptmann. Quartet in F major, Op. 59, (Dedicated to Count Rasumowski) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. *Beethoven*. The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte, by Mr. W. Dorrell.

The quartet, by Mühling, is a pretty composition, the first movement and *schizzo* being the best portion. The Andante is the learned but uninspired exercise of a clever musical student, and the Finale is a "fugue" without dignity. It was exceedingly well played, and from its being quite new excited some interest. Miss Dolby sang Mozart's "Quando miro" delightfully, particularly a recitative which preceded it, beginning "A questo seno." Mozart's quartet, No. 7, was a most charming performance, leaving really nothing to be desired. Next came a most interesting work—a quintet by the *Englishman*, Macfarren—so clever, so beautiful, as to render it worthy of a place in any programme, and by the side of any author. The players seemed to think so, for they all seemed to exert themselves to the utmost to give it effect. The result was most satisfactory, and the audience gave most unequivocal proof of the pleasure they experienced in listening to it by the bursts of applause which followed each movement. Mr. Dorrell, perhaps, never played more finely, and no praise could be too high for Mr. C. Severn's reading and execution of the double bass part. The "Barcarole" very narrowly escaped an encore. Of the two songs which Miss Dolby sang in the second part, the last is the most effective. She sang it with a grace and elegance that won an encore from all parts of the room. Mr. Dorrell accompanied the vocal music with the care and attention of a true artist. We now come to the grand effort of the evening—Beethoven's seventh quartet. The party had evidently made up their minds to do justice to the composition, and it was clear that great care had been taken in rehearsing it. The first and second movements were very finely played. In the adagio, Mr. Dando had again the misfortune to break his first string; and although another instrument was handed to him without stop or noise, the absence of equally fine quality in its tone was clearly perceptible. In the finale Mr. Dando resumed his own violin, but it was evident that the instrument was a little unsettled; and although it would be difficult to point out any particular passage that suffered from the accident, we should have been glad if it had not happened, on account of the music as well as the player.

THE SIXTH CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC was held on Friday evening last at Crosby Hall, Miss Mounsey as heretofore, directing and presiding at the organ. The Misses Steele, Cubitt, Bassano, and the Messrs. Lockett and J. A. Novello were the vocalists. The selections were made from the works of Travers, Keller, Cherubini, Handel, Arne, Mozart, Weis, Graun, Weber, Nenkomm, Kucken, and some lesser lights. The Hall was respectfully attended, and the performance gave every satisfaction. Miss Mounsey deserves the greatest credit for the unexceptionable manner in which the concerts of sacred music are produced. They are like to improve the taste of the city amateurs.

EXETER HALL.—The third Concert, illustrative of the history of English music, in aid of the Hullah Testimonial Fund, was held on Monday evening last. The concert as before was divided into two sections, the one of sacred, and the other of secular music. The first portion consisted of some compositions of J. Bishop, Weldon, Croft, Greene, Boyce, and Nares; the secular part was made up of selections from the works of Aldrich, Travers, Arne, Jackson, Cooke, and Batishill. The principal vocal performers were Mrs. Weiss and Miss Dural, and the Messrs. Manvers, W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Machin. Mr. Willy's concert band attended, and proved highly efficient in the orchestral department. The members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing school formed the choral force. Mr. May conducted, in an admirable manner, and Mr. Oliver May presided at the organ with musician-like skill. With these statistics we must needs close our notice, having noticed the previous performances at length, merely adding that it appeared to us that the choir was hardly so effective as on former occasions. The next concert will take place on Monday, April 12th.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—On Friday evening, the 5th inst.—in other words, if they be correct, yesterday week, the Amateurs gave their third concert at the Store Street Rooms. The programme was most excellent, and comprised specimens of most of the great schools, ancient and modern, as the reader may judge if he only take the trouble to read it.

PART I.—Overture "Barbiere," Rossini. Symphony No. 1, Spohr. Adagio, Allegro, Larghetto Con Moto, Scherzo, Finale Allegretto. March, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

PART II.—Overture "Zauberflöte," Mozart. Operatic Selection, by Negri, from "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer. Symphony, No. 2, Beethoven. Adagio, Allegro Con Brio, Larghetto, Scherzo Allegro, Finale Allegro Molto. Overture "Lac des Fées," Auber.

No selection could be happier made with an idea of suiting all tastes than the above, and whether he were classicist or romanticist, he must have been equally well satisfied with the bill of fare. The band was in capital trim, and performed the various morceaux with an evident relish for their beauties, and a vigorous determination to do or die.

Mr.—We beg pardon and omit the overture to his name—Balfé, or Maestro Balfé, if it like you better, or *chef*, or what you will, was the head and front of all this excellent, and kept the determinate, though haply somewhat juvenile band,—as natheless, all things must grow—in such Napoleonic regulation as equally proved his watchfulness and his care. Balfé is in reality the Arie of the orchestra, he does his spiriting gently, hovering about unperceived among the instruments, now perched on the violin, or concealed in the bell of the horn, listening for some anti-Jarret note, and anon he wings his way to the double bass to detect some flaw, or he visits the flute, and oboe, and roams about—

"From wood to brass, from brass to string,
To do his gentle spiriting."

being almost possessed of ubiquity, like the birds, as Sir Boyle Roach said, and briefly performing the office of manifold conductors, though these had all been good men and useful. To speak a little less in "Ercles' vein," the performance on Friday evening was more than creditable, it was highly meritorious, and the executants already exhibit manifest signs of improvement, which we are delighted to record, as our feelings strongly lean towards the success of the Amateurs. The rehearsal for the fourth concert took place last night.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL'S VOCAL ENTERTAINMENTS are given every evening at the Strand Theatre, and afford delight and amusement to crowded audiences. Mr. Henry Russell is one of the most popular of all the monologue concert givers. His voice is powerful, and not devoid of sweetness, possessing great capacity to adapt itself to serious and comic singing, of which he makes admirable

use; and as a dramatic vocalist off the stage he certainly is not surpassed. With such recommendations it is no wonder that Mr. H. Russell should have established himself so firmly in the estimation of native and transatlantic audiences. We attended on Monday evening at the Strand Theatre, and left at the end of the performances, quite satisfied that Mr. H. Russell is a genius *sui generis*. Every song was encored, and a new one introduced in the repeat, so that the visitor to the Strand Theatre had two entertainments in place of one. The principal songs given were, "The Slave Ship," "The Pauper's Drive," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Maniac," and "The Gambler's Wife." Besides these Mr. Russell gave several nigger songs, and related several nigger anecdotes. Some of his black jokes were inimitable. The Entertainments of Mr. H. Russell are repeated every evening.

MA. E. COULON gave a very pleasing entertainment on Saturday week, at his residence, Great Marlborough-street, on which occasion Miss Coulon made her second appearance in public as a pianist. Our readers may remember in what high terms we spoke on a previous occasion of the performances of this charming young *artiste*. Our admiration is further increased by hearing Miss Coulon a second time. She is, in every respect, a most accomplished pianoforte player; possessing fire, energy, earnestness and feeling, with a delicacy of touch, and a brilliancy of finger, and a precision withal, that might haply cause a smile of rivalry—prospectively—on the cheek of the *divina pianista*, even Playel. We felt quite delighted with the young *debutante's* great success; for everybody in the room felt that it was a veritable success, and nothing beside; and congratulations poured on her from all sides, which she received with becoming modesty. We augur great things of Miss Coulon's future. Messrs. Sainton, Rousselot, Brizzi, and Mr. Marshall, with the ladies, Miss C. Hallen, Mrs. Toulmin, and Madame Coulon, lent their instrumental and vocal assistance to the concert. Mons. Sainton was greatly applauded in de Beriot's *Tremolo*, and encored in the *Carnaval de Venise*. To give an idea of the sterling character of the programme we cite it in full.

PART I.—Sonata in C minor, piano and violin, Mlle. Coulon and Mrs. Sainton, Beethoven. Duo, "Les Diamans de la Couronne," Mme. Coulon and Miss C. Hallen, Auber. Air, "I saw thee weep," Mr. Marshall & W. C. Macfarren. Solo, "Le tremolo," violin, M. Sainton, De Beriot. Air, "De la Muette," Miss C. Hallen, Auber. "Duo, I Puritani," Mrs. Toulmin and Mr. Brizzi, Bellini.

PART II.—Trio (allegro, andante, scherzo), piano, violin, and violoncello Mlle. Coulon, Mr. Sainton, and Mr. Rousselot, Mendelssohn. Aria, "Prendi per me," Mrs. Toulmin, Benedict et de Beriot. Solo, "Le Carnaval de Venise," Mr. Sainton. Romance Française, Mme. Coulon, Massini. Fantaisie (from Lucie), Mlle. Coulon, Prudent.

Mlle. Coulon was compelled to repeat the fantasia of Prudent, a composition, by the way, more remarkable for its difficulty than for its musical merits.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE-END ROAD.—The concert, on Monday evening, consisted of a selection of popular music. Part I. commenced with Rossini's duet "Amor possente nome," sung by Miss Messent and Mr. Rafter. "Non piu andrai" was sung in F. Lablache's best style, which produced a loud encore. Mr. Cohan, the well-known pianist, performed his own variations upon "See, the conquering hero comes," with great ability; his execution excited much astonishment. Madame F. Lablache, a great favorite here, was deservedly encored in Linley's air "Come when the moon is breaking." The Scotch ballad "Jock o' Hazeldean," by Miss Messent, "Mary Jamieson," and "Logie o' Buchan," by Madame Lablache, were all received with favour. A Miss Eliza Nelson, who sang twice, is evidently a novice. Mr. Abbot, from the Royal Academy, performed a solo, by de Beriot, on the violin. John Parry, *as usual*, terminated the concert, with the "London Season," which sent the company home in happy humour. Mr. Maurice Davies presided at the piano, with his accustomed care. It is only to be regretted that, at the Beaumont, as well as at the other Literary Institutions, the progress of art, and the refinement of taste, are not treated with consideration.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.—The second of Mr. Sterndale Bennett's performances of classical pianoforte music took place on Tuesday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a highly distinguished audience. The order of the programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Duet in B flat, pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Blagrove and W. S. Bennett, Mozart. Preludes and Fugues, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, J. S. Bach and Mendelssohn. Two Songs, Madame G. A.

Macfarren, "To Chloe in sickness," *W. S. Bennett*. "The first Spring day," (MS.) *G. A. Macfarren*. Chamber Trio, A major, Op. 26; pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Blagrove, and Lucas, *W. S. Bennett*.

PART II.—Duet D major, Op. 58, pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett and Lucas, *Mendelssohn*. Suite Cinquieme, from the *Suites de Pieces pour le Clavecin*, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *Handel*. Song, Mr. Hobbs, *Webbe*. Grand Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett, *Beethoven*. Accompanist, Mr. W. Dorrell.

On the whole this programme was superior to that of the first evening. It included one of Mr. Bennett's large works, a feature in which its predecessor was wanting; and this fact alone lent it a higher interest. Mozart's sonata was a great treat. Mr. Blagrove played with purity of style, faultless in tonation, and finished mechanism; and Mr. Bennett was all that a thorough Mozartist could desire. The sonata was composed (according to the programme) in April, 1784—a fact derived, no doubt, from Messrs. Coventry and Hollier's beautiful edition of Mozart's pianoforte works, so carefully edited by M. Cipriani Potter. The prelude and fugue in E major, from Bach's *Clavier bien temperé* (the master-piece of the author), is among the finest things in that immense work. The prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn, in E minor, belong to a set of six preludes and fugues (published by Addison and Co.), with which even musicians are not nearly enough familiar. Mr. Lindsay Sloper introduced one of the preludes (in A flat) at his first *soirée*, but omitted the fugue, which is certainly introduced by the composer as a necessary pendant; a proceeding very unusual with this accomplished and classical musician. It is a very interesting specimen of the composer's style, and exemplifies a particular stage in his pursuit of the more recondite branches of the art, which ought to be a subject of inquiry to every admirer of the wonderful genius of the man. To hear Mr. Bennett play these—the Bach and the Mendelssohn—was a rare treat. The *legato*, which is so eminent a feature in his style, was employed to advantage in the Bach—and the *fire*, which makes him as unlike John Cramer (the model to whom critics will insist upon comparing him) as one pianist can be unlike another, was marvellously well bestowed upon the Mendelssohn. The prelude of the latter was encoored with enthusiasm. The two charming songs of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Macfarren, old fellow-students in the Academy, and friendly rivals in their love of art, could not have been entrusted to a more conscientious interpreter than Madame Macfarren, who in the tender passion of the first, and the "sprightly, springy joyfulness" (to quote a happy expression of the *Post*) of the last, proved herself equally able to embody two sentiments entirely opposite. The beautiful and earnest style of this young vocalist is the seed of future eminence, which it depends upon herself to attain, and that she will attain it we have little doubt. Of these lovely songs, one, "Chloe in sickness," is well known through Miss Dolby's singing, and Messrs. Coventry and Hollier's edition of Mr. Bennett's "six songs" (to which a suite of six more have been so long and so vainly expected); but the other, "The first spring day," is one of those many vocal gems which the composer, Mr. Macfarren, seems determined to keep to himself, much to the loss of the publishers, and the disappointment of such of the public as have heard mention made of them. We differ strongly from the *Morning Post* and others, who place the *trio* in A major of Mr. Bennett among his least happy inspirations. If the utmost perfection of grace and freshness be attained in the *Moderato Assai*, and the essence of sparkling playfulness be consummated in the *serenade*, and to conclude a high amount of energy and vigorous passion be accomplished in the *Allegro Fermo* ("Fermo" is an original expletive, by the way,) and we entirely think that each and all of these has been achieved, we cannot for the life of us, perceive wherein lies the *weakness* of this *trio*. We, no less than the *Post*, "are determined to do candid justice to everything that proceeds from the accomplished mind of this elegant musician," (the elegant mind of this accomplished musician would have been better) and we, unlike the *Post*, are bound to say of the *trio* in A—not that it "is the weakest composition of its author," which is preposterous, but that it is, while one of the lightest and least elaborate, one of the most charming, melodious, and captivating. A new theory of tune has lately arisen which would put the *Moderato Assai* of this *trio* out of the plea of melody. We do not understand this new theory of tune;

but we hurl defiance at it by retorting that the *Moderato Assai* is, from the first bar to the last, one continuous stream of melody "in many voices." Of course the execution of the *trio* was perfection. What less could be expected at the fingers of the composer himself, and of his ancient fellow-students of the Academy, Messrs. Blagrove and Lucas? It was listened to with attention, and liberally applauded. The *serenade* created the most lively sensation.

The second part must be shortly dismissed. The *Allegretto scherzando*, in B minor, of Mendelssohn's fine duet was deliciously played, and encored. Nothing to our ears can be more thoroughly captivating and beautiful than the *Allemande* and *Courante* of Handel's fifth suite. This was positively enchanting. We think less of the *air varié*, "The Harmonious Blacksmith;" but Mr. Bennett's delightful playing won rapturous applause in this well-known composition. We liked Mr. Hobbs's singing very much, but Webbe's song not a bit. The C sharp minor, one of the most perfect of Beethoven's sonatas, in the *fantasia* style, was marvellously executed by Mr. Bennett. The slow movement at the commencement touched every heart. The minuet and *trio*, in D flat, were rendered with a world of graceful playfulness; and the magnificent *finale*, taken with prodigious speed, made a splendid climax to an exceeding thoroughly intellectual enjoyment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURNING OF THE THEATRE AT CARLSRUHE.—The extent of dreadful calamity, which has lately filled the papers in every quarter, has now been ascertained. Nearly two hundred persons have been burned, or suffocated, the greater number of them being women, apprentices and children. In the dead-house in the churchyard the scene is described as awful and horrible. Half bodies, broken limbs, heads mutilated, trunks roasted, all incapable of identification present a spectacle too shocking for humanity to contemplate. The whole city is in the greatest consternation. So great and terrible an affliction has not visited Carlsruhe within the memory of living man.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The concerts for the remainder of the season are fixed for their date.—April 21; May 5 and 19; June 2, 16 and 30. The *Messiah* will be performed for the Royal Society of Musicians' Fund on the 14th of July. The dates have been changed in consequence of the General Fast having been fixed for March the 24th.

WILSON IN PARIS.—Mr Wilson gave his first entertainment on the Songs of Scotland in Paris on Monday last, when his Songs were received with much enthusiasm. Some of the Jacobite ones raised his audience quite to a fureur, and the dialogue songs, which he makes so graphic, such as "Saw ye my wee thing?"—"Hame cam our gudeman at e'en," &c., seemed to afford great delight as well as amusement. Mr. Wilson has been engaged for several of the Nobility and Gentry's *Soirées*. He will, we understand, resume his entertainments in the Music Hall, London, on Easter Monday. Mr. Edward Land accompanies Mr. Wilson as usual.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.—This little violinist who gave proofs of such extraordinary ability and accomplishment two years ago when in London, is likely to return this season. He has been lately playing at Dresden Mendelssohn's Violin Concerts with the greatest success, and is now engaged in writing two concerts himself, which he will play in public if he comes here. (*Morning Herald*.)

THE FIRST PHILHARMONIC CONCERT takes place on Monday evening. The programme contains some interesting features, but the form is novel in respect to the order of the pieces, and there is only one overture. We are not sure that we shall be able to approve of the encroachment on former models.

MR. W. V. WALLACE.—We are happy to state that the

accomplished composer of *Maritana* is better, and fair hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence. Mr. Wallace is still, however, seriously afflicted with inflammation of the eyes.

STAUDIGL.—This great *basso* will be here in April to sing in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Lumley. With him will come the brothers Helmesberger, two very young and talented violinists, from Vienna.

A DEEP CRITIC.—A writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, in rendering account of a performance at the French Plays, sets out with a series of assertions which are evidently intended as a philosophic "show off."—"The life of a Frenchman" says he is a vaudeville. He lives in three acts—walks about in an actor's dress more or less soiled. To him, in its most literal sense, 'all the world's a stage' but it is a vaudeville stage, modelled after the fashion of the *Theatre des Variétés*." Just as well might he begin his article thus:—"The life of a Frenchman is not a vaudeville. He does not live in three acts—nor walks about in an actor's dress, more or less soiled. To him, in his most literal sense "all the world is not a stage," and much less a vaudeville stage, modelled after the fashion of the *Theatre des Variétés*." There would be just as much truth in the one as in the other and just as much nonsense. The thing as it stands is a fine specimen of penny—a lining without any news in it, a sort of literary vomit, brought up by the emetic of pelf or the itch *scribendi*. And of such stuff, alas! is too much of our "criticism" manufactured. The same writer concludes his notice by informing us that M. Alcide Tousez "was called before the curtain after it fell," as though he could possibly be called before the curtain before it fell! But the sentence makes two lines more, and is set off by a new par:—the criticism altogether occupied some fourth of a column.

MRS. BUTLER (formerly Fanny Kemble) has been engaged by Mr. Maddox, for the Princess's Theatre, and she will appear there soon after Easter. The Mrs. Butler who gave dramatic readings at the Hanover Rooms, last week, is the widow of the late Mr. Samuel Butler, the actor.

MELODISTS.—Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Emiliani the violinist have been invited to dine with the Melodists' Club, on the 30th inst.

MR. KEARNES.—We are glad to hear that the concert which is to take place on Wednesday next, for the benefit of the late Mr. Kearnes's family, promises to be well attended.

CAMBRIDGE.—Should a general election not take place, the installation of H. R. H. the Prince Consort will take place early in July, at Cambridge, followed by a musical festival; but nothing as yet has been decided upon.

MENDELSSOHN is expected to arrive in London about the 13th of April, for the purpose of superintending the performance of his oratorio, *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society; on which occasion the orchestra will be much enlarged, especially in the instrumental department. The composer has made many important alterations in the oratorio since it was performed at Birmingham last August.

THE CATCH CLUB held its first meeting at the Thatched House Tavern on the 5th inst., and the Round Catch and Canon Club has resumed its re-unions at the Freemason's Tavern. The Glee Club will dine this day at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Sir Felix Booth, Bart, President.

SALVI.—This tenor has taken his farewell benefit at the Italian Opera in St. Petersburg, and will soon be on his way to England. He is engaged by the Russian management at a salary of £1,000 for four months.

TAMBURINI has arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg in excellent health. He will be in London forthwith.

ALBONI.—This *contralto*, who is engaged by the Covent Garden Company, is daily expected in London. Critics are equally wars about her personal and mental accomplishments.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS performed on Monday and Tuesday evenings at the theatre, Canterbury, taking his favourite parts Tom Tug, in *The Waterman*, and Steady, in *The Quaker*. The houses have been excellent, considering the time of year and season. Mr. Phillips's reception was highly flattering, and his performances were much applauded. On Wednesday evening Mr. Phillips sang at the Literary Institution, Gravesend, and on Thursday, at the Rosemary Branch, Peckham. The favourite barytone seems in great request at present.

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THE GENTLEMAN who applies to us for the Hon. Mrs. Norton's address, must apply to Bentley or Colburn. Mrs. Norton, we are sorry to say, is not at present, a contributor to the "Musical World."

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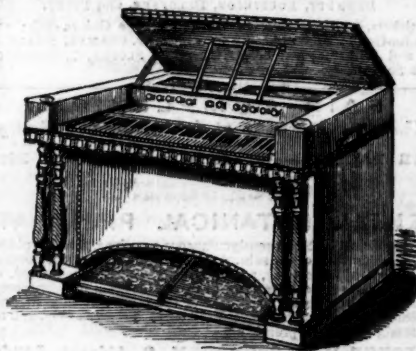
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